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MY PET SUBJECT

BY ARTHUR HOEBER

Third paper, with illustrations by various artists.

WHEN any one individual puts forward the leading-lady of Mr. Daly's company of players as *his* pet subject, he lays himself open to criticism. A public, embracing pretty much all of these United States and a considerable share of the British Isles, has already pre-empted that claim. That Hillary Bell has been fortunate enough to have had the opportunity to stand behind his easel and look steadfastly at Miss Ada Rehan by the hour, is his great good luck. Many painters would doubtless have taken the contract off his hands had they been permitted.

That this portrait of the gifted actress and amiable lady should have been presented by her manager to the Shakespeare Memorial Building, at Stratford-on-Avon, and hang near where the master-writer was born, is complimentary to Mr. Bell and a delicate acknowledgment of the talents of a woman whose *Katherine*,

in "The Taming of the Shrew," the character portrayed, is worthy to rank with the best interpretations of the great playwright's wonderful creation. The artist, happy in a personal friendship for the subject, has, as will be seen, seized upon the pose, the expression and the strong personality of his model and produced an effective result.

Blossom-time does not receive from the painters half the consideration it deserves. To be sure the season is short. It arrives simultaneously with the exhibitions, and at the close of the active season, when men are more or less exhausted and are in that transition state between city and country. It is with us when days are long and dreamy, when a gentle languor comes over mankind, making work difficult, and anything like concentration and application are well-nigh impracticable. With the best of intentions the artist procrastinates; he puts off until tomorrow or next week, and lo! there comes a day when suddenly he wakes up to the realization that the spring, with its bud and blossom, is of a past season, and summer with its rank richness has come. The project is off for another year. Otto Stark has been en-



From a painting by Hillary Bell

ADA REHAN AS "KATHERINE"

terprising and has not let his opportunities go by. When with the beauties of flowering trees is associated that loveliest of all nature's handiwork, fresh, sweet childhood, the combination approaches the ideal. The decorative quality of blossom-time, the charming harmonies of form and color, of graceful lines and exquisite shapes, do not ordinarily receive the at-



From a painting by Otto Stark

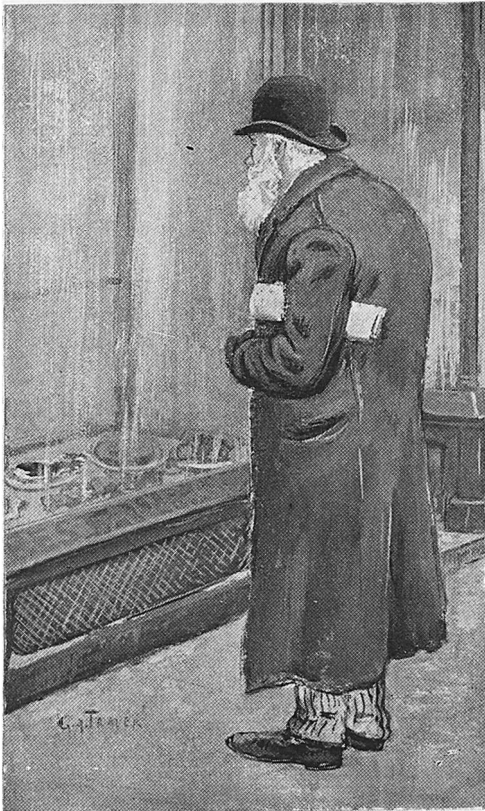
IN THE SUNSHINE

tention they deserve, and it is refreshing to note how effectively, in the grouping and portraiture of these three children, they have been utilized by Mr. Stark.

The pleasant feature of the artist's life is, of course, the long summer vacation, with its opportunity for travel in quaint, unfrequented, out-of-the-way corners. Winter melts away and Summer brings a chance for study of the unconventional, with agreeable change of scene, and always with possibilities of nature and the delights of the open air. These compensate for much in a material way that is denied the painter. The wanderings in foreign lands, the delightful experience in quiet French villages, sojourns at salty, tarry, old fishing-ports, dreamy afternoons by lazily flowing rivers such as Mr. Fittler shows us, and cool evenings in painting twilights or idly watching the brilliancy and magic of sunset-effects, all these are component parts of the artist's life denied to his less fortunate, if more wealthy, commercial brothers.

Capacity, too, for the enjoyment of all these things, is developed in the artist to a much greater extent than in the average layman. The eye is quicker to seize the many beauties of nature, and to take in the mass of detail, for it is the detail that, after all, goes to make the whole.

Fisher-life has many sides, many varieties of interest. The return of the boats laden with the catch; the busy sailors sorting the fish; the chaff-

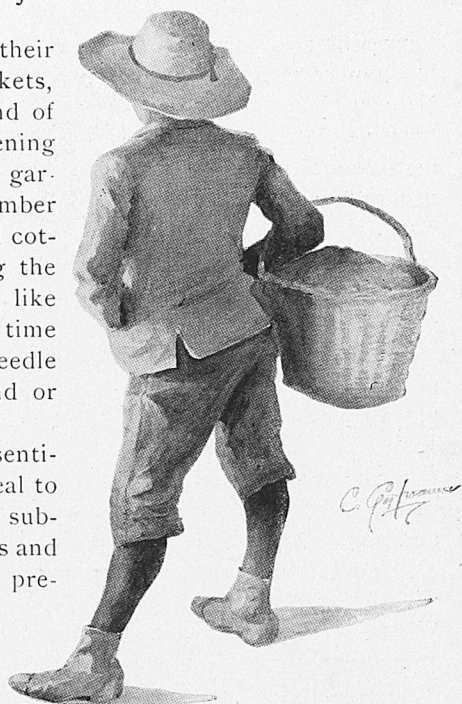


Drawn by G. A. Traver

NO CHOICE

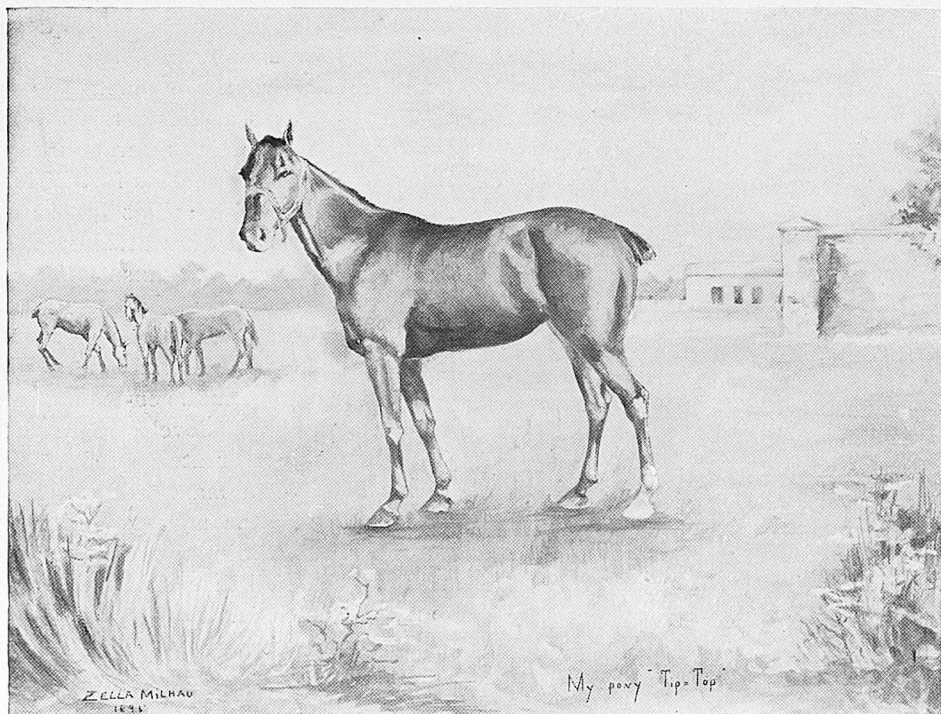
ing, chatting, good-natured fishwives and their children, clustering about, armed with baskets, to take away the finny tribe; a background of deep blue sea, with soft summer sky, glistening wet sands, the breeze, blowing hair and garments; who that has painted does not remember the picture? Or, we look into a thatch-roofed cottage and see the busy women-folk preparing the simple meal, or mending a net. Perhaps, like their more prosperous sisters, they may find time even to sit over sewing, dreaming with needle idle, and thinking of some absent husband or sweetheart far away on the perilous waters.

Mrs. M. R. Dixon has given the touch of sentiment to her figure, and it cannot fail to appeal to us with much strength. More tragic is the subject by J. L. France, presenting angry waters and serious men and women. The former are preparing to battle with the elements on their mission of mercy, to save the crew of a disabled boat. Anxious eyes will watch them start off through the surf, and many a heart will beat faster as the sturdy



Drawn by Christina Gastmann

A MAN OF AFFAIRS



Drawn by Zella Milhau

MY PONY "TIP-TOP"



Drawn by M. R. Dixon

"WEARY HANDS AND EYES ARE FREE,
TO STEAL A MOMENT'S REST AT TIMES"

craft is propelled out into the wind-swept sea, and willingly will lend assistance when they return. Heroes there be without the incentive and glory of the battle-field; men who give no heed to self as they risk life and limb to save their fellow-men, for those who go down to the sea in ships must possess a sturdy, courageous heart, and be able to face death unflinchingly.

Old age has its attractions for the painter and has furnished the theme for many a canvas. Here the artist finds characteristic lines that lessen the difficulties in a measure, for with advancing years, traits are accentuated, features come out with greater strength and there is more individuality to be seized upon. Adelia Beard emphasizes this in the nice old lady of her "Quiet Hour."

G. A. Traver's man before the shop-window reveals the story in his very shoulders; while in the man by E. A. Burbank, tipping his favorite wine from the cobwebbed bottle, we have a faithful study, carefully worked out in details.

Harry Roseland's picture "Baymen," is almost photographic in its exactness,



From a painting by Edward L. Morse

A YOUTHFUL MUSICIAN

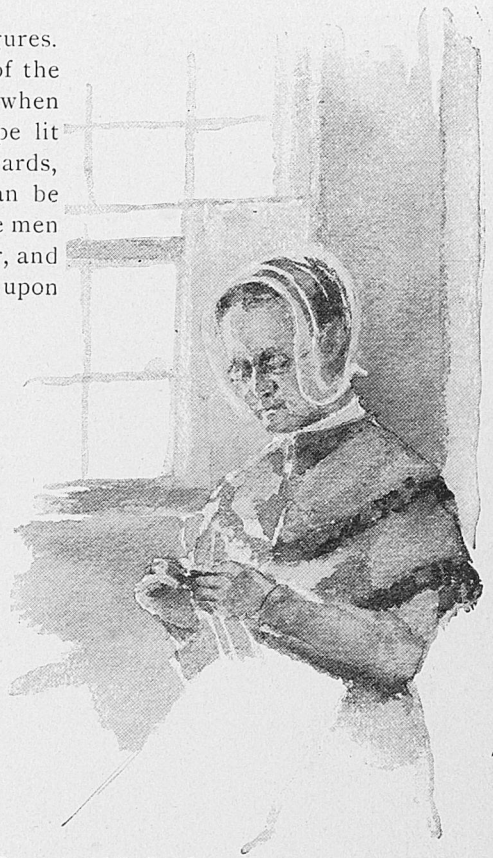


Drawn by J. L. France

THE LIFE-BOAT

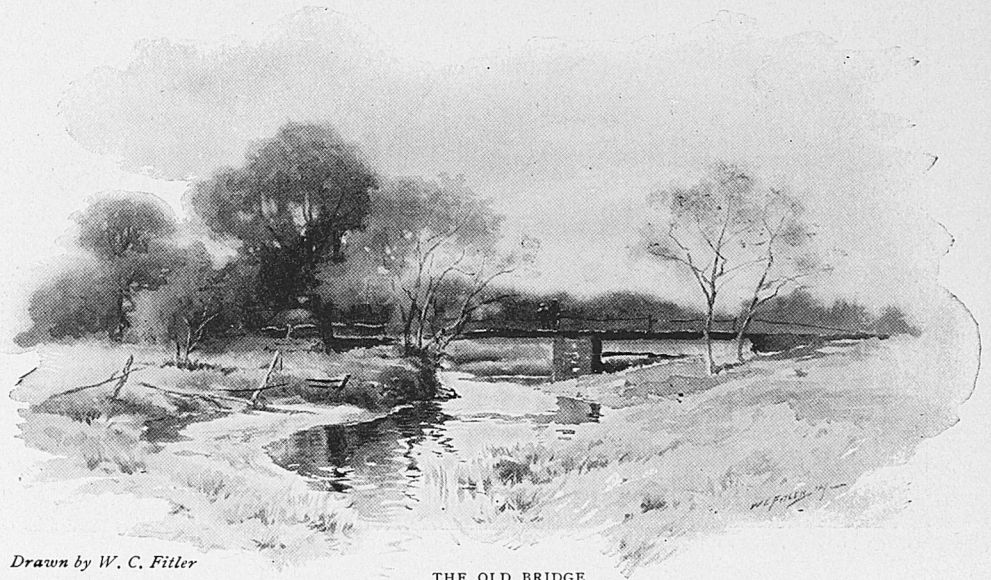
and in the cleverly caught pose of its figures. No foreign toilers these, but beachmen of the old-fashioned Long Island variety, who, when their day's work is over, can sit with pipe lit and wreaths of strong tobacco curling upwards, and spin yarns as long as a listener can be persuaded to stay. Curious tars are these men from Long Island, half sailor, half farmer, and equally handy with helm or hoe, at home upon the wave or in the wheatfield, in the fore-castle or with the horses. No sketching-ground is better than the south shore of Long Island.

Farther back over the sand-dunes, and well into the mainland, there is material for pastoral landscapes, with fresh-water lakes such as George E. Burr delights in. Hay-fields, fresh with sweet odors, attract Agnes D. Abbott. Here painting is a joy, and here are tones and colors that are the admiration and the despair of the artist. Quiet brooks with grassy banks, tall trees and woodland, fascinate Charles Ault, as they have many others before him; and a small boy is evidently a pet subject with Christina Gastmann. As she has pictured him here, he has probably



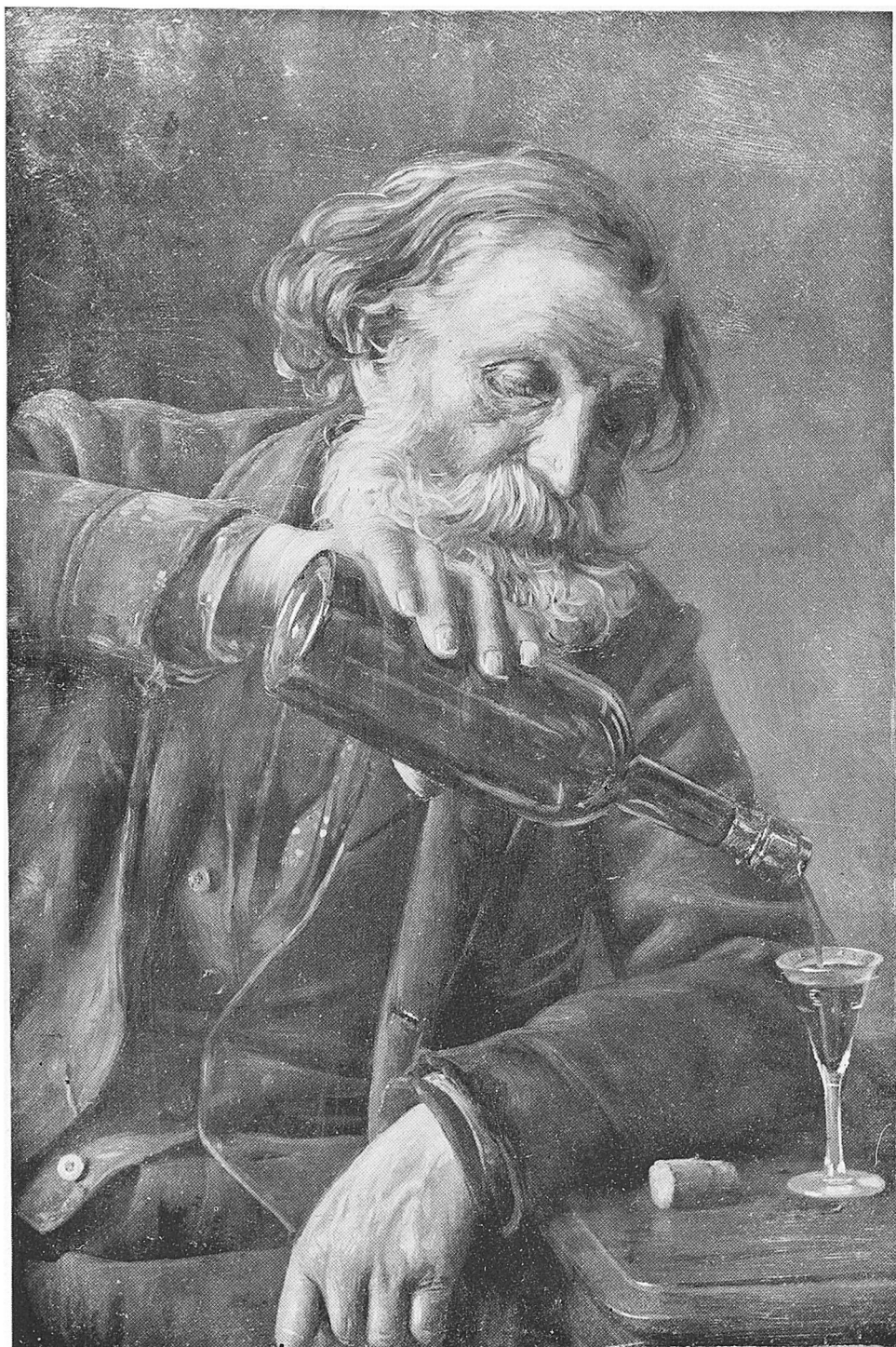
Drawn by Adelia Beard

A QUIET HOUR



Drawn by W. C. Fittler

THE OLD BRIDGE



From a painting by E. A. Burbank

THIS FAVORITE WINE

left a game of base-ball long enough to run to the store for his mother—a sort of home-run, for which, no doubt, he cares very little.

Zella Milhau shares her pet subject, her pony, with many others, and a very pleasant subject it is. If Frederick Williams's little girl, Cinderella-like, has to sit in an obscure corner, with humble pot and pan, Edward L. Morse's young woman is patrician, and may give herself up to the more esthetic occupation of music. Much is to be had from the combination of attractive woman with musical instrument, though it may at once be admitted that neither modern costume nor modern instruments offer the same delightful charm of line or form that the more graceful gowns of the ancient Greeks, for example, afforded, and their decorative, if less harmonious, pipes and lyres. We

may criticize Sir Frederick Leighton or Alma Tadema, and pick flaws here and there, but how great and decorative a charm has all their work. What har-



Drawn by Frederick Williams

THE LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER

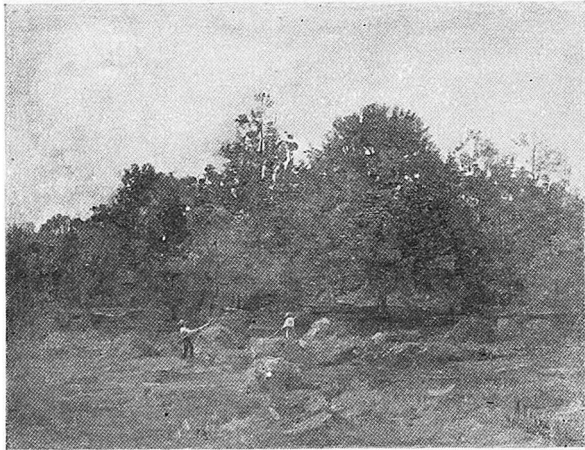


Drawn by Harry Roseland

THE BAYMEN

monious arrangements of draperies; what grace of flowing robe; what dignity of well-poised head, with display of splendid neck and bust, or of a shapely limb, magnificent in contour. Our rigorous climate, our ways of life and our later civilization preclude, of course, such garb, and yet the pity of it!

Some one has said no nation may rear a race of painters of the nude in a country where the form is continually covered, and this is, in a measure, true. The artist who



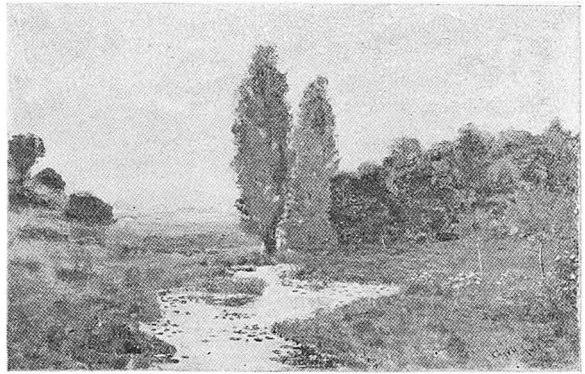
From a painting by Agnes D. Abbott

MY NEIGHBOR'S HAY-FIELD

lives by the sea, who is as well acquainted with a ship as with his alphabet, and to whom every phase of the ocean is a familiar sight, must surely be able to paint the wondrous beauty, the majesty and the profundity of the waves, far more intelligently and with greater realism than he to whom the sea is a less frequent spectacle. So we may imagine the early Greeks reveling, so to speak, in the beauties of the human form, surrounded by magnificent types, displayed at the games, in the gymnasiums, on

the streets, and having them ever before their eyes. To them, the superb development of the young men and the unconfined charms of the women were a daily sight. Their eyes became accustomed to the symmetry and the grace of perfect development; instinctively their ideals became elevated, and in paint, or clay, or marble they gave expression to beauty and perfection of form, elegance of movement and exquisite proportions.

Those were indeed grand and memorable days for both the painter and the sculptor.



From a painting by Charles H. Ault

A PLACID STREAM

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Drawn by G. E. Burr

A SUMMER AFTERNOON



From a drawing by Woldemar Friedrich

THE WILD HUNTSMAN. IV.—WALDTRAUT'S MISFORTUNE

Waldtraut, the beautiful daughter of a charcoal-burner, is found in the forest by Rudolf, a forester, "accidentally" wounded by Count Hackelberend, in order to get her into his castle, Treseburg, to which she is carried.